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Foochow Messenger

CREATIVE PERSONALITY NUMBER

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"Every convert to Christianity in Asia is a miracle"

—Oscar M. Buck, *"Christianity Tested"*

The Mission and the Person

Roderick Scott

"SOULS are not saved in bundles," said Emerson.

The word personality in some of its connotations has become trite, but really personality is the greatest word, it is *the word* of the Christian vocabulary. God is the Perfect Person, Christ the ideal person, Man the developing person.

God creates through persons. There are "a few of them whom He whispers in the ear" and these few become his servants, channels of His creative energy. They are to be known, however, not by their fame or wealth or ease, but by the hardships, loneliness and suffering that God's election marks out for them. They are to be discerned for their loyalties and by what they will en-

sure for their loyalties.

Bringing this word, 'personality,' to the Orient was, as the quotation from Professor Buck suggests, a great achievement. The word personality was not in the Greek, with all Plato's wisdom, nor in the Hebrew in spite of Isaiah's passion, nor has it been in Chinese. Confucius was a humanist; he knew men, but, paradoxically, human nature was something he did not know. And though he knew men, his only God was Tao, the cosmic principle of spontaneity. If God is not personal, in the long run, men will have little use for personality. And personality in Chinese life and history has been these long years a thin wraith. The author (Mr. Lin Yutang) of "My Country and My Peo-

ple" does not use the word once.

Conceive then our joy at beholding this miracle of the spirit, the release of personality amidst this great people, "who had grown stiff and sluggish and forceless through ages of crude materialism, unrelieved by social responsibility." Freed, like the men chained in Plato's mythical cave of appearances, the Chinese are in a way to discover at last the reality, that God is personal after all, the Great Thou. And that discovery has brought with it a self-discovery, a revelation of the inner life, the birth of personality, the emergence of a social conscious-

ness, the service of the highest loyalties. "Wherever you find a personality," says Rufus Jones, "you have a focus-point of God."

For those who have eyes to see, then, behind all the mission problems, statistics, analyses, interpretations, stories, stands *the person*. To discover, enrich and sustain the person is the whole missionary program. Our success rests in persons. In the last analysis, all questions are questions of the soul. Out of the heart are the issues of life.

The stories and loyalties of a few such persons are recorded in the pages that follow.

One Grandmother.

PAT-PAT-PAT. "There now, there." Pat-pat. "Yes, she's dropping off." This was Grandmother Wang putting her grandchild to sleep. Left a widow fairly young, when her pastor husband died, she brought up her own babies by doing the work of a Biblewoman, always with a sweet, understanding smile on her face. Her oldest son is something of a disappointment to her because he preferred the easy-going life of an official to the harder task of following in his father's footsteps. But when you have done the best you could, you mustn't waste time in regrets. She has turned to her grandchildren and she finds joy in them. How many miles has she not walked on those tottering little old bound feet of hers, how many babies has she not lulled in those short but capable arms, how many people has she not cheered and helped with that winsome smile of hers. Long may she live, a blessing to all.

— Jeanie McClure.

Peter

Arthur O. Rinden

PETER was the elder son of one of our country Bible Women. He had very good Christian "bringing up." After graduating from our Diong Loh primary and Junior Middle School he went to the Union High School in Foochow, to learn to be a teacher. Then 1927 came along with the great wave of anti-Christian feeling and propaganda. Peter succumbed to the popular feeling. Being a natural leader, he felt it his duty to help in the ousting of the foreigners—missionaries or otherwise. He wrote a letter to his mother in the country, telling of the splendid progress that was being made—that before long all the foreigners would be booted out of the school. His mother could not read Chinese characters, but only the "Romanized" script that had been taught to her by the missionaries. So the letter was written in "Romanized." Being well trained in ways of economy, Peter did not waste the price of a stamp on the letter, but asked his younger brother, returning home from Foochow, to carry the letter to his mother. But Younger Brother forgot to

whom he was to give the letter; but since it had foreign letters on it he gave it to the missionary! And thus was a deep plot fully revealed.

Peter demonstrated his powers of leadership by heading a group of enthusiastic students who caught the cultured Christian principal of another High School and rode him thru the streets on a rail, wearing a Fool's cap, and on his chest a board, such as is worn by criminals to indicate their crime, declaring in large letters, "I am the running-dog of foreigners."

But this movement of which Peter was assuming such active leadership, soon collapsed. He was expelled from school. His money was all gone. His mother's salary of six Chinese dollars a month barely sufficed to buy rice for the two of them. He had lost all of his "face." He was down, and nearly out. But not quite. Like the prodigal, in the country, "he came to himself." He realized his great mistake, and he thoroughly repented. He did not attempt, with a tearful story, to be reinstated in school. In his village there

was no school at all, and as he had studied educational methods for two years, he determined to practice them. He started with nothing but a lot of obstacles, and within two years he had one of the highest standing schools of our district. He started a Sunday School, and conducted it so well that the problem of attendance never arose. And according to his ability, he preached. He had again made good.

We needed a man to take charge of our church and school work over at Pagoda Anchorage. It was the most difficult place in our district. Only a fellow who was intellectually keen could solve the problems presented by the critical population of this port city. We asked Peter to attempt the job. He went, and made good even beyond our expectations. The school grew until there was not space to wedge in even one more pupil. Church attendance grew until new quarters were demanded. Larger quarters were purchased, mostly with money given by the members. And now it is too small. It is not unusual for there to be "standing room only" on Sunday mornings.

But Peter wanted to finish

his High School education. He went back, altho he was ten years older than his classmates. He soon became an outstanding religious leader of the school. On week ends he rode his bicycle (given him by an American friend who visited his church) the sixteen miles to Pagoda Anchorage, where he continued to preach and care for the Sunday School. The church members would accept no substitute. He graduated two months ago, and now he is giving full time to the work of the church. This summer he conducted a D. V. B. S. for eighty-two boys and girls. He is planning to hold an evangelistic campaign in his church this fall.

No, we haven't a lot of young men like Peter. You don't find them even in America. But it is heartening to have even a few. I have little doubt but that he will become one of the most valuable leaders of our church. He has a real evangelistic message, a keen mind, and "a way with people." Now he is studying a Bible correspondence course; later I hope he can have the opportunity of a full theological course. It would be a good investment. I may write again about Peter.

Another Grandmother

Kate Bailey Hinman

THE little girl of whom I write was born into a fairly well-to-do family one autumn afternoon, and went the way of so many little Chinese girls of those days. Her father's mother announced at once that she must be disposed of, because "a girl is of no use." So into a basket she went, and the bearer was ordered to get rid of her, suggesting that she be put after dark on the outside shop counter of some place where the unwelcoming shop owner would find her when he took down the shutters in the morning.

But this little girl fared better than some. Her grandfather Hu came home and asked about the baby, and, on being told about the matter, demanded that she be brought home at once; for, said he, she had brought him good fortune. The lottery ticket he had bought had just yielded him thirty times what he had paid for it. He had made eighteen dollars, and the baby's coming was what brought him the good luck.

For some years now her fortunes were bound up with her

father's; he was away soldiering at the time of her great experience, but when he came home he decided to give up war. Perhaps the Tai Ping rebellion had stirred some ideas in the minds of the leaders, and this man was a commander of a thousand soldiers. He thought of going into a Buddhist monastery; but before he could carry out that purpose he came under Christian influence, and yielded his life at once and completely to that cause.

Our little girl followed her father on his journeyings as a Methodist preacher, and for some years her home was Diongloh. From here she went at ten years to be the first pupil in what is now Tai Maiu school for girls, and at thirteen entered Tieng Ang Dong church as a Christian. At home in Diongloh in vacation time she met her fate in the person of the man she later married, with whom she spent nearly sixty years as an incomparable helpmeet. Lau Maing Sik was a teacher in the country near her home, and the betrothal was arranged, as was

then the universal custom, by the parents.

Not long after her father was called to preach at Cing Sing Dong church, while she was back in school, which she finished at fifteen. When her father was sent to Kucheng he feared to take this lovely girl into that wild region, lest bandits seize her; so she was married at sixteen, following now the fortunes of a Congregational minister.

But mothers-in-law are much the same, for neither her mother's mother-in-law nor her own was a Christian, and she suffered much. She had been told she must have her feet unbound when she entered school, but her mother had forbidden it, so she was still a cripple. It was not until many years later that she was set free from this bondage. The mother-in-law set her to herding pigs, all but impossible for her, and a most distasteful task for the young graduate. There was little sorrow in her heart when the pigs died. When her first baby came, a despised girl, the mother-in-law would not give her food, and she went when the baby was six days old to her old home at Ha-buo-ga, where her uncle still lived, and sought sanctuary. She stayed there for some time until her

husband, called to preach at Nanseu, provided her a home there. From that time until the death of her mother-in-law, nearly twenty years later, she was followed by this thorn in the flesh to whatever place Mr. Lau was called to preach. They were at Dionghloh eighteen years, and there the young wife taught school, and tried to bring her mother-in-law to Christianity, but without success. Mr. Lau, after several movings, was finally settled in a successful pastorate at Yang Seng, and his gracious and able wife was head of the Woman's School. Here was born and buried the youngest of their ten children, during the fourteen years of their service. The oldest son died about the time he was finishing school; the oldest daughter taught in Dionghloh and married the pastor of the church there. Another daughter took medical training and still practices in Foochow; another married a well-to-do man, and died leaving a family of children. One son studied in America, took A. B. at Oberlin, and A. M. at the University of California, and held a high position for years in the Salt Inspectorate. Another daughter is a teacher in Foochow, and a son is in business here.

After her husband's retirement from the pastorate they lived at Nanseu until his death, when she moved to Foochow to be near her children. For years she has been a gracious and lovely friend to those who have known her and loved her for the latter part of her life. When she slipped quietly away last winter at 87 her last words were for the comfort of those who were caring for her. Her going, like her long life, was radiant with the joy of her Lord.

An Open Letter from "Tom"

MOTHER CUSHMAN had been a missionary at the home-base for over forty years. Two years ago she came out to China and has since been getting a close-up of the things for which she has worked all her life in the home church. In addition to taking a great deal of care of her grandsons, Mark and Robert Thelin, she has been helping at Union High School. This year she taught an English class which was a constant joy to her. "Tom" was one of her star-pupils and here is part of a letter he wrote to her soon after reaching his up-country home:

"June 27th I left school, and reached home on the 28th of the same month. When the boat was sailing at mid-night, suddenly the engine-room was to take fire. All people who were on board ship frightened—so it is very dangerous. In that time I remembered a verse—John 14:16. Not only I did not fear, but also I helped the sailors to carry the water. Afterwards the fire was quenched. The people go safely except two who jumped into the water previously.

"Now I am living at my country. The weather is not so hot as Foochow. I read Bible, news, and review the "Three Principles of the People" every day. Sometimes I help my mother to do somethings as I can.

"God has been very gracious to me for He has given me splendid opportunities to witness for Him and has given me splendid health. Several times I gave address on Sunday or other meeting. I feel very happy because I belong to Jesus Christ."

Mother Cushman is very proud of this letter, not because of any excellence of its English form, but because Tom seems so thoroughly to have caught the Christian ideal. "Not only I did not fear, but also I helped the sailors to carry water!!" Note the perfect blending of the individual and the social gospel. No gulf here between theoretical and practical Christianity. With perfect peace in his own heart, he helped put out the fire which might have cost hundreds of lives.

No wonder Mother Cushman starts home with mixed feelings. She reluctantly leaves not only her own Betty and Guy and Mark and Robert Thelin, but Peter and Dick and Abe and Tom and the others who have become "her boys" forever.

One Chinese Schoolboy

Jeanie McClure

WHEN I met the Second Year Senior High class for the first time, thirty-three boys faced me. The problem of separating this mass of boys into thirty-three individual entities confronted me. Many of them, however, I had taught for a year several years before. I felt acquainted with them. Then I had to become acquainted likewise with the rest.

Tung Ling Teh came to my aid. I doubt if his actions were directed by conscious effort, but they produced the same effect as though they had been. The first day he sat in the back seat. But he wore a foreign suit and seemed unusually alert. My mind took note of him and pigeonholed him for future identification. In the next few class periods he sat nearer the front and wore a noticeable white sweat shirt. He took to asking questions as opportunity offered and volunteered to recite more frequently than the others. He was fond of stopping after class to make some remark about the lesson or to ask about some correction on his theme. Thus, in a compara-

tively short time, he had carved a niche for himself in my memory in spite of the fact that he had started under the handicap of lack of previous acquaintance. His name went into my notebook with the comment: "Tries hard; fond of attention."

Then, at a reception for old students of Foochow College, I met his father, the only father of the thirty-three who came while I was there. In my conversation with the two of them I began to understand Ling Teh better from this contact with his father. I saw their pride in each other, their devoted love, their comradeship.

More details fell into the picture the following winter. He was chosen president of the Student Government. In this office he planned and carried out several new projects for the good of the school. In the intramural trackmeet he won the hundred-metre dash, and grinned with pleasure as he broke the tape and looked up to see his teacher watching him. During the Youth and Religion meetings he acted as one of the ushers and handed

out cards to the other boys who wanted to sign them.

During the China New Year vacation of this year he spent three weeks in the country as the Foochow College representative in an evangelistic campaign sponsored by the Christian schools of Foochow. One day toward the end of vacation while on his way back to the city, he met his teacher with one of his classmates taking a walk in the country. "May I come, too?" he asked, with an appealing smile, which proved irresistible. Conversation was never allowed to lag after that. He told much about his country experiences, of how he and his fellow-workers had met enthusiastic welcome in some villages and a cool rebuff in one or two.

His pocket dictionary was seldom out of his hand, as he constantly wished to look up some new word which came up in our conversation. As we were lunching under the olive trees he searched his pockets for paper on which to write down a new word he wanted to remember and found only a little pocket edition of the Gospel of Matthew. Before I could stop him he had scribbled the word on the flyleaf.

I did not think so active and social a boy would care much

for the next number on our day's program, but I determined to risk it for the sake of the other boy who would. After we had spent a gay hour over lunch, I handed out pencils and paper for our quiet hour. Much to my surprise, he fell at once into the mood and labored silently to put what he saw into poetry. He achieved three shaky lines of a quatrain and stuck, as do so many novices, on a rhyme for the fourth to match the second. But at least he had tried!

On the way home he urged us again to cross the river and walk down the other bank. He mentioned again the beautiful grove of olive trees which he had spoken of in the forenoon. We crossed on the ferry and walked along the road. As we approached the grove, he said, "There it is. Do you know, when I first walked through it, I called it 'The Road to Heaven.'" I have seen in my lifetime a thousand places more beautiful than that scattered grove of stunted olive trees, lining either side of the wide slash of new road through a low hill. But for China with its pitiful lack of trees, it might seem a road to heaven, and at least, it led me into still another phase of his personality—the love of natural beauty.

God Gives the Increase

Leonard J. Christian

MR. Wong made a living by selling wood from a small shop not far from one of our big city churches. But since there is a large number of other Wongs selling wood from similar small shops, this fact would not be of unusual interest. In reality a miracle took place which made him a seven-day wonder in his neighborhood, and what is far more important brought him to a knowledge of the Truth that set him free.

Wong was known in this neighborhood as a gambler and drunkard, and what is far worse in Chinese eyes, as an unfilial son, who would frequently stand in front of his shop and in a loud voice curse his mother and tell the world what he thought of her. The occasion of these outbursts usually was parental remonstrances with him over the amount of his losses at the gambling table, and the number of bowls of wine he was daily drinking. The small earnings from the sale of wood could not stand this constant drain, nor could his health long stand up under the treatment he was giving it. Nature

finally rebelled, and Wong became a sick man. Stomach disorders finally sent him to the hospital to seek relief. The Western doctor whom he consulted said that an operation was required; but the thought of a surgeon's knife drove Wong back home, where he ate much Chinese medicine and finally took opium. This eased his pain for a time but presently he found he was losing weight so fast that he was soon reduced to mere skin and bones. His family realized there was little hope for him, and made final preparations. The burial clothes were bought, and coffin boards brought in. At this point the pastor of the near-by Congregational Church came into the scene. He directed Mr. Wong to see Dr. Campbell of the Foochow Christian Union Hospital. Dr. Campbell found there still was hope if an operation was performed, and now, since he faced death anyway, Mr. Wong consented to an operation. For several days after the operation life hung in the balance, and then the Great Physician laid on Wong his healing hand, and gradual-

ly strength came back and the wasted body began to fill out, till the miracle was complete.

Now there was in the hospital at the same time, a very earnest Christian man in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. He knew he had not long to live, and felt he must not miss an opportunity to testify for his Master. He paid daily visits to Wong's bedside, and explained to him clearly the way of salvation, urging him to give up his idol worship, and his evil ways, and to accept Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. And as he listened to these earnest messages of his new-found friend, Mr. Wong found a change coming into his heart, and he decided to own his new Master. I was at the church that Sunday morning when he was received into fellowship. Before baptizing him, the Pastor told his story to the congregation, and then asked Mr. Wong to turn

so that all might see him. I shall not soon forget his radiant look as he faced us that Sabbath morning. He is still a babe in Christ, but he is learning: and as he learns others are being influenced by his changed life, and deepening Christian faith.

Here is an excellent illustration of how the various lines of Mission work co-ordinate. The question might be asked, "Who was responsible for Wong's conversion?" Was it the call of the pastor, or the skill of the surgeon, the tender care of the nurses, or the personal work of the Christian patient?

It can easily be seen that each of these agencies made its contribution to the new life into which the man was won. So it is with much of our Mission work—Paul sows, Apollos waters, but God gives the increase.

Quotations.

"THE value of the Christian school can be appraised only by the kind of human being it has produced." *George E. Sokolsky, in the Christian Century, January 11, 1933.*

"THE world's tomorrow is written in China's to-day." *Motto of the China College Conference in Boston, January 13, 1935.*

Mr. Ch'ien

Laura D. Ward

"**T**HE only Westerner except for Madame Chiu, the French wife of the rural specialist, in the whole of the Chang-lo county; Aren't you lonely?" How often when the other members of the station are away, this question is asked me by visitors, be it a Board secretary or an American Naval officer, who has wandered in from Pagoda Anchorage. But is anyone lonely when friends are dropping in every hour of the day? Come and visit me sometime and see for yourself. You will be sure to meet one of my esteemed friends and co-workers, Mr. S. C. Ch'ien. A glance at his face and manner and you recognize him to be a cultured gentleman. Perhaps you will expect to have him clasp his own hands and bow. But no! He knows your custom and instantly he has tipped his hat and bowed very graciously. No matter what the occasion, be it an urgent bit of business or a familiar friendly chat never does he forget this courtesy. Nor is he a respecter of persons for the commonest laborer finds him always respectful, as also does the school boy called into

the office or asked to do an errand. Thoughtful and kind, ever ready to help anyone in trouble he is never too busy to do what he can for a neighbor or a former student. Sometimes we wonder if he has forgotten a committee meeting, but when he comes in, a brief explanation from him reveals the fact that he could not turn away someone in need of his advice or help.

But you will never really know this man until you have seen him with his children on the boat to Foochow or in the home. They receive from him the same courtesy as he shows to all. But he does not miss an opportunity to open their eyes to what they see and hear about them. Patiently he explains the whys and wherefores of the wonders of nature or machinery. The charming courtesy of the children as they invite you to enter the home and the loving loyalty and mutual esteem shown by young and old as they go in and out to serve you tea and cakes or seek to entertain the guest cannot conceal the fact that this man is a devoted follower of the Master of Men,

who always had a place for these "Little Ones" in his big heart. Once we caught him in an open appreciation of his wife's ability, but before others he usually shows a paternal attitude apologizing for her mistakes and advising her to be careful. He is quite conservative on modern ideas about marriage and we wonder how he will deal with his sons if they prefer to make their own choice. His faith was sorely tested at the time of the death of his oldest son this last winter. The boy was just about to emerge as a full-fledged doctor, engaged to a young woman doctor. It seemed to be a genuine love affair, for she wrote a letter telling all the details of his illness, and his wonderful faith up to the last, pledging her own loyalty to his father and mother in token of her love for him. This was a great comfort to their aching hearts. As we watched the gold being refined in this terrible fire of sorrow, we marvelled at the beauteous light that shone from that Christian home.

As a fine teacher he is honored by the community and his many students and fellow teachers. How often men have asked him to train their sons as he has his own. He tries to

tell them then the wonderful way he has learned from the Master Teacher. Sometimes they are willing that their sons shall try the Way, but for themselves they "turn sorrowfully away." Little do they realize that the school without the home can never produce the result they want. A lover of growing things whether boys and girls or trees and flowers and vegetables, he himself is eager to grow into all knowledge often asking about new methods used in the West. He knows the home life of every student for he aims to develop personalities,—not to teach phonetics, geography or gardening as an end in themselves. It is his emphasis on the dignity of labor that has brought about the miracle of the son of the millionaire of the town taking off his long gown and soiling his slender white hands carrying a load of night soil to fertilize the garden.

But why is Mr. Ch'ien so busy? He is frequently called in to the government offices for consultation for he is very enthusiastic over the progressive program of reconstruction of these new wide-awake officials. Mass education, public health and especially opium suppression call for every ounce of strength he has be-

yond his duties as principal of the only Junior High School in the county. Once when the local government collapsed and the town was threatened by lawless farmers he headed up the organization of a local militia to defend the town, he himself and his son taking turns patrolling the street.

When his name was proposed for the principalship five years ago we were told, "he is round." We feared it meant that he would compromise with the wrong, and sometimes he does not seem to take as firm a stand openly as we

Westerners could wish. But almost always it seems to be his innate courtesy that makes it hard for him to be outspoken to the wrong doer. But we often find that his patient quiet way of conference and persuasion is the better in the end. If it is a sharply defined moral issue you find he is very firm and quick in action. At times his procrastination and tardiness at appointments annoys his fellow workers, but we always know he has been delayed because he has been helping somebody. He is truly a friend who wears well.

"Something More."

I hardly know her. She is not a Christian woman, yet she has been a source of great encouragement to me. I have only seen her once and then had opportunity for only a few minutes of conversation. It was after listening to a three-minute speech which she gave,—full of enthusiasm and a challenge to push forward.

She is a pleasant, wholesome looking young Chinese woman, with a clear mind and capacity for real leadership. She is a secretarial worker in one of the Government offices. And she is not a Christian.

Why has she been such a source of encouragement to me? Yesterday Miss Hwang, our fine Chinese Principal, reported a conversation which they had had. Miss Hwang had been complimenting her on her ability, and good leadership of the women teachers at a Government Summer School.

"But," she answered, "my ability only goes so far, when I suddenly reach a place where I am not equal to the occasion. You who are Christians seem to have something more. When you reach that place, you still go on, for you seem to feel some power greater than yourselves on which you can rely."

Isn't it a cause for encouragement when a talented non-Christian leader recognizes God's power in a Christian's life?

— Bertha H. Allen

A Fourth Generation Christian

George Warren Hinman

TIMOTHY and Nicodemus were playing together in the backyard of the woman's Bible School,—where so many half-orphans came with their mothers who were seeking a belated chance for Christian education. Timothy's mother had come from a formerly well-to-do family. Her husband, who had only recently died, belonged to a lacquer-manufacturing firm on East Street. Foochow lacquer is famous; and formerly the firm had done a good business. but there was much competition, and trade had fallen off. When Timothy's father died, leaving the family with no income, the other members of the firm offered Mrs. Sing her rice, if she would stay and help about the house.

However, friends of her school days recommended her as a teacher in the Woman's Bible School, since she had graduated from the Wen Shan Girls' School under Miss Garretson, before her marriage, and was a third-generation Christian, well fitted for the work of a Bible woman and part-time teacher of the other women who were training for

such service. She was born of the Yang family, which had been prominent in the tea business, at the time when Foochow harbor was crowded with ships for every part of the world, often filling their cabins with chests of tea, since the freight paid better than passenger traffic. But since then the tea trade had gone to India and Ceylon, and the Yang family was reduced in circumstances.

The boy Timothy came with his mother to live in the Woman's School, as his relatives could no longer do anything for him. For fifteen years he lived there, while his mother did her work, in the quiet, home-like Christian atmosphere, and, meanwhile, took excellent advantage of the opportunities for Christian education in the various schools of the mission opened up to him by American friends.

It was some time before Miss Wiley and Dr. Emily Smith had taught the mother how to properly feed the weak and listless child, and to provide him with plenty of vegetables and fish and fruit instead of the monotonous diet of rice and pork. But

physical education went with spiritual education until Timothy developed into a strong and happy boy. He was always a bit diffident, for he had a queer growth on the side of his neck, and even now cannot hold his head quite straight, though our skillful surgeon, Dr. Campbell, has greatly relieved the condition.

Through the kindergarten years he was among the first pupils in the practice school of the Union Kindergarten Training School. Then he went on for four years in a Christian primary school, and afterwards through the three years more of Senior Middle in Foochow College, where he graduated just a year ago. Those who imagine that our mission schools are becoming only the privilege of the rich (because of high tuition, when many of the government schools are offering tuition free and often free board as well) should know about the many Christian boys and girls of poor families who have been aided by school or private scholarship funds and have justified the gifts made to their education by the high quality of their work, and their subsequent entrance into Christian service. Many have started in our schools from very humble

beginnings and have pushed their way up alongside of the sons and daughters of the wealthy who have come in their private family rickshas.

Timothy was always an eager, brilliant student, though quiet, and not what you would call a leader in games and the extra-curricular activities of his fellows. But he was always smiling and helpful, and deservedly popular. It was not surprising that when he had graduated the college faculty felt that this quiet faithful boy was one they wanted to keep in the school. So on graduation he was offered a modest position as a teacher, with the general oversight of the library. He was quick and accurate in mathematics, and the college treasurer asked him to give several hours a week to the care of the college accounts. Our boy shouldered this new work and carried it through rapidly and accurately, with that quiet smiling efficiency which is so characteristic. He is not one of those who push themselves forward, or beg their Chinese or foreign friends for influence or opportunity. Instead people come to him for help, which is given freely and gladly, and opportunity seeks him instead of his worrying his friends to find him a job.

More and more the faculty of Foochow College is being built up of such men, who work for the love of their profession, and are loyal to the school, not because of their "rice bowl" but because they believe it is better to work, even at small wages, with friendly, faithful co-workers, than to accept higher salaries in a government school, with all the rivalries and crosscurrents of political and personal intrigue.

Sing-su, the little Timothy of the Woman's Bible School, is thus a member of a splendid body of cooperating teachers, whose morale and enthusiasm and unfailing faithfulness to

regular and special duties in the school make Foochow College a vital institution, with an increasing power and influence in the community.

When it becomes possible to staff completely our Christian institutions with fourth generation Christians, we can hope they will become an increasing influence not only upon the pupils but upon the whole educational program of the new China. Investing American money in scholarship funds for the education of such boys and girls, who are likely to become future leaders in our schools, is one of the wisest ways of planting the seeds of a Christian civilization.

Student Humor.

"THE weather was still dismal and the wind and waves made me become a patient without sickness." (on shipboard)

"My grandmother is very superstitious; she believes in Buddhism, idols, ancestor worship and at the same time in God. Once when my uncle was very sick, she prayed to all four to cooperate with each other to save her son's life."

When cheating is right: When a teacher gives an unnecessary examination; when the lessons are too hard for everybody; when I have studied hard but forget suddenly; when teachers are irresponsible?! (This was an actual answer to an ironic question).

And Yet Not a "Sob-Sister!"

Elizabeth C. Thelin

SHE was born in one of the remotest villages of our mission, and what was worse was "only a girl." But she did not know of this handicap until four years old, when her feet were so cruelly bound that she could only hop about. And another great drawback for being a girl was that her family disposed of her as a little "daughter-in-law" in a family equally poor.

When she was old enough to "pass into the room" she found that the man provided her for a husband was an opium addict—a groveling sort of person, sleeping most of the time. A great misfortune, in the opinion of the family, was that no son blessed this couple, so they set out to remedy this condition. The "great ones" (all members of the generation older) decided that they would buy a boy for this childless home, and in order to get a cheap bargain got a baby from one of the lowest families of a nearby village. The main question was that the baby must be a boy.

Shortly afterward a missionary found this young woman in her home working har-

der than ever at needle work to support the newest member of the family. She had a bright mind naturally so the missionary obtained the consent of the "great ones" and took her to a woman's school.

After a few more years she was a Bible Woman with the terrible tragedy of such a husband. But as though this were not enough the adopted boy proved to be a moron—or worse—and took her meagre possessions to a pawn shop whenever he could steal them out. When this was at its worst the "Holy Rollers" came to the village where she was working and told the mother that if she took the boy to the river and had him immersed by them he would come out of the water "healed." What a disappointment when his head popped up with the same silly grin upon his face.

All this time she had to send to her husband a share of her pitifully small salary, in fact, until his death a few years later. When she was told that he was ill she went to her native village to care for him. The "great ones" and all the lesser ones heaped abusive epi-

thets upon her as a disloyal wife whom the Christians had spoiled, but she bravely returned to her work.

By this time the boy was along in his teens and affairs were not so bad, when the "great ones" sprang another surprise party. One day when the Bible Woman was not at home they plumped down in her house a little girl to be brought up for the wife of the boy. She was ragged, dirty, painfully near-sighted, the most desolate little creature imaginable. There was no way to dispute the authority of the "great ones." The child had to be planned for and eventually was put in the Woman's school.

Then a man went crazy in the village and felt that he should drive out the Christians

and began by beating the Bible Woman very seriously, in fact, so badly that she had to leave that village.

After all these experiences and many more that space forbids my telling, what about the Bible Woman herself? She has to her credit the most successful work of any of the Bible Women. Her last exploit is to take over a church, in a very bad suburb, that was utterly run down, and deserted by a very highly educated young theologian, and bring it to life, with new members added at each communion.

Her happy face testifies to the reality of her religion, and her successful work to the victory over all her handicaps. One day in a meeting her testimony was: "Every stormy wind has driven me nearer my Saviour."

Quotations.

"THERE are already being christened into the family of Christ, Gautama and Confucius, and Zoroaster, as well as Abraham, Moses and Socrates." J. W. Buckham, *Christianity and Personality*, p. 78.

"ONLY ideas really matter and life-giving ideas have a great chance of taking root in China because China is a land of patient listeners."

"THE Orient has not sought our Christianity, perhaps shrewdly guessing it was the faith only of the minority in the Occident and that it contradicts much of our culture." K. S. Latourette.

Suk-Cie So's New Life

Josephine C. Walker

ONE day this summer Mrs. Ngu was calling on me. She is one of our Christian workers on the mountain, Kuliang. She told me something of her work this past year and the following is part of what she told.

"I want to tell you a little about Suk-Cie So. She is a very fine woman from the village of Au-Puo-Leu on the Kushan road. For eight or nine years I have tried to make some contact with that village. They are very ardent idolaters, worshipers of Sing-Huong-Ie; so they would never invite me into their homes. Only when meeting them on the road going up and down the mountain could I visit with them as we rested. At such times they dared show no interest or make answer, lest they offend their village idol.

"Finally I made them a special object of prayer," said Mrs. Ngu, "and before long the door was opened, opened through the suffering of Suk-Cie-So, a most unusual suffering. One day after she and her husband had built them a small house a landside buried her in the house. Her head

was still free. She could call but could not move. With the help of twenty or thirty masons and neighbors they dug her out.

"Hearing this," said Mrs. Ngu, "I visited her the next day. She was still unable to move. I prayed for her, but knew nothing else I could do. Again God led the way. Mr. Christian saw the woman and arranged to send her to the hospital for a week; later a community lady paid her expenses for over a month.

"While at the hospital Suk-Cie-So heard the gospel daily. The story of a picture on the wall fascinated her, and soon she came to realize that this was the good news for her; that it was the same gospel she had heard on the mountain road. After returning home well again she was glad to have me teach her to read and pray.

"When Dr. Beard visited us during the winter he received her into the church. She had wished very much to have her husband join at the same time, for she had not kept her light hidden, since returning home. At first he said he would, but

later his clan dissuaded him, so he said to her, 'You join and have our boy baptized. I cannot join as I have made vows to the idols which I must keep.'

Continuing Mrs. Ngu said, "It was after this that one morning he told his wife of a terrifying dream he had had. A woman dressed as a spirit, called Bo-na, had come to him and said she was going to take their little boy. His wife's reply was, 'Do not fear, only believe in Jesus and the spirit can do us no harm.' The child was, however, taken sick.

Slaves to fear the family worked ignorantly, frantically, to save his life; but to no avail. In three days their baby had left them."

"And Suk-Cie-So?" I asked. "How about her?" "She still believes and trusts her Savior and her Comforter," said Mrs. Ngu. A few days later, after telling this story to friends, I heard that another little boy had just come to cheer their home. Grandma can now feel happy that the family will be carried on by a male descendant.

World Student Personalities.

SYLVIA S. C. HUANG, Fukien, '36, after winning the Alumni medal as the best all-round student, was made one of the six delegates sent by China to the Pacific-area conference of the World's Christian Student Federation, held at Mills College, in September. On her return to China en route to assume the duties of a Y.W.C.A. secretary she wrote of her impressions of the conference:

"It still seems as if I were just awaking from a dream, but the short trip to America was of course an actual matter of fact. It was a very great privilege to attend the conference. Though some of the delegates were very young and had had little experience, their ideas were liberal (some people said the Chinese were liberals of the liberals), and it was very good to exchange our different points of view. Many interesting questions were brought up that I had never thought of before. I saw people of different races, with different faces, different colors of skin, I also encountered several diverse points of view. I noted especially the peaceful minds of the delegates from New Zealand and Australia; the romantic attitudes of the Hawaiians; the red or communistic emphasis of the Mexicans; the manager of the British delegates; the melancholy of the Germans; the high spirits of the Americans and the Chinese. It seemed impossible to conceive the so-called World Christian Community, but in the end we all came to the finest mutual understanding—we realized that not every Japanese is a militarist, not every Chinese is filthy, not every Englishman an imperialist, etc.; but we all of us belong to our Father's family. This is not just mere talk; it was a *real* experience for me."

Rough Places Made Smooth

Susan E. Armstrong

"**H**AS the routine of Foo-chow College started satisfactorily this fall term?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Just what are the factors in having such smoothly running machinery?"

"I suppose they are the same as in U. S. A.—well trained, earnest executive officers and a faculty that is faithful in all the many details. The little things count. Do you see that young man over there? He has just finished talking with a workman. Here comes an electrician to discuss something with him. Notice his ease of manner, his engaging smile, and his well-modulated voice. He seems to have none of that dominating quality that often seems to go with the position of "boss." Nevertheless he is the "boss" of all the workmen, and they all seem to respect him. I have never heard him raise his voice in giving an order, yet he obtains obedience from all kinds and conditions of men."

"What is his particular position?"

"He is the business manager and the teacher of biology and natural science. Besides the

fourteen hours of teaching that he carries he runs all the repairing, the buying of supplies, the cleaning, and the hiring and firing of workers. Still he always has time to do extra favors for teachers and students."

"I have noticed that the buildings are very clean and that the windows especially shine."

"That is all due to his management."

"I have heard that money has a way of being lost in all these small transactions."

"That is only too true. Doubtless the school has saved hundreds of dollars because this man is strictly honest. He never takes commissions for himself. Our principal believes in the old proverb 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.' This man takes care of every copper."

"Where did he get his education?"

"He is one of our own graduates and then had two and a half years at Fukien Christian University. A few days ago I visited his home. It is only a short distance from the

school. I wish you might take time to meet his competent wife. When they were married her voice seemed very loud and she was not as refined as one might wish. She is quite changed now. She has poise and the lines of her face have altered. The three children are happy, active youngsters. The oldest, a girl, begins kindergarten this fall. She looks

strong, even sturdy. The second, a boy, has the refined features of his father. The baby is another fine boy. The two oldest were born in our hospital; the baby had a trained nurse in the home at his advent. It is such men that not only help to make the routine run smoothly, but also give us all strength of heart for creative work."

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Mission News.

SHARP PEAK, with the sun and sea bathing, was chosen by four of the Mission for their summer change: Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Christian, Miss Leona Burr and Miss Jennie Jacobs.

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MISS LYDA HOUSTON was the only member of the Mission to spend her summer out of port. She reports a very satisfactory term of language study in Peiping, and pleasant contacts with American Board Missionaries in Peitaiho.

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REV. E. H. SMITH'S Kuliang cottage was the scene of a family reunion this summer. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Smith were their two daughters Helen and Eunice, and Miss Eunice Thomas, Helen is a teacher at Wenshan School, Eunice has just joined the faculty of the Union Kindergarten Training School under the Methodist Board and Miss Thomas is teaching at Fukien Christian University.

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IT is good to have Mrs. Katherine Hand back with us for a visit. She spent the summer with the Campbells on Kuliang.

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THE THELINS with Mother Cushman and Mrs. Mary Cushman Brown and two little girls of Shanghai, enjoyed their Kuliang summer. Mrs. Cushman has recently left for her home in Rhode Island and is missed by the whole Mission as well as by little Mark and Robert Thelin.

By the Sea-side

Agnes M. Christian

WHEN the Publicity Committee issued its call for this writeup of Chinese Personalities we were still at Sharp Peak, where we had been enjoying a delightful summer by the sea-side.

Our minds at once travelled over the interesting and varied group of Chinese friends and acquaintances in our island-vacation-land; the young married woman who preached so clearly and earnestly at the little chapel two weeks ago—trained from her orphaned childhood under mission influences, and therefore with the background of a second generation Christian, even though she was one of China's unwanted girl babies; the young educator from Shanghai, who came to sip tea with us a few times, and who deplored the 'selfish' tactics we used in playing croquet. He, by the way, was one who in 1927 was threatened with death if he did not deny Christ,—was marched through the streets by a jeering group of would-be communists, and gave such a ringing testimony for his Lord, that his captors dared not harm him. Then there was the venerable caretaker of the M. E. San in which we lived—a man of fields and gardens scattered all over the hillside, of many sons and daughters-in-law and grand-

children crowding to overflowing the farm-house of the clan; a man with a good herd of cows, with pigs and chickens, and yet a man always at leisure to attend to our varied needs, from the sending of a load to a three a. m. ferry, to arranging a sampan trip to the Five Tiger Island.

Another interesting person was the young student who served as Mandarin teacher for several foreigners, and who put in some time every afternoon at teaching a few Chinese neighbor women to read. She is a member of our Upper Bridge Church, and a student of a Methodist College—one of our Union Projects, as it were.

Then on the neighboring hill was a swarm of lads from the Christian Herald Industrial School—and stories of all sorts cluster around these orphans and semi-orphans who are learning a bit of truck gardening during the summer vacation which gives them their husky young bodies.

And since there was so much to write about, it seemed that perhaps this look around in an isolated summer spot would prove even more informative to some of our home friends than the story of any particular person.

Pastor Ding

Will H. Topping

ONE of my oldest friends in China is Rev. Ding Cungieng, now in his 80s and the veteran pastor of our Synod. He has been over 40 years in the pastorate in the Diongloh district, and last year moved up to Foochow, to spend the rest of his life in quiet. Some of his children are living in Foochow, so that he can be with them.

Before he left Diongloh, his great ambition was to place the city church on a self-supporting basis. With great energy he succeeded in raising \$2,600 which could be placed in the bank at interest at 7 percent. This interest amounting to about \$200 together with a rather larger amount from the annual subscriptions of the local church, would be sufficient to meet the budget. This enabled the Church to call a fine young graduate of Shantung University Theological department as pastor of the Diongloh City Church.

This attitude toward the work characterized Pastor Ding's work all through his life. He was a good organizer, and always maintained a normal class which used to meet

on Friday evenings. Here the teachers of the Boys' and Girl' school used to come and prepare for the Sunday school, which as long as I can remember was well carried on, with good class work and good material, and teachers who had prepared for their task. In the early days Pastor Ding did much of the touring of the District with Mr. Hubbard. He was a good preacher who commanded the strict attention of everyone in the congregation from the moment he gave out his text. In his Pastoral work he practiced medicine, having studied in a Foochow drug store (modern) when a young man. He is well known throughout the district as a doctor, and at the bedside he never forgot that his chief office was the cure of souls.

Once he prevailed upon me to try some of his medicine. I had a very bad cold, and was using the medicine prescribed by our hospital without much effect. He told me if I would mix up some walnuts and boil them in some syrup made of Chinese red sugar, it was a sure cure. I had the cook boil up the solution and bring it in-

to my study where I was conversing with a foreign friend. "What is that dirty looking stuff?" asked my friend.

"It is Chinese medicine" said I, drinking down a great bowl of it. My friend was in the greatest flurry over it, because it certainly looked like a bad mixture. He said:

"I am going to write to the American Board and ask them to open your head and see what is wrong with your brains."

I am not sure whether the medicine cured any quicker than did the hospital medicine --but I don't think it was any slower either.

Two instances of Pastor Ding's courage: Once in the 90s before our city church was built in Diongloh, Pastor Ding was preaching in a house near where the present yamen stands. The crowd got infuriated and began to pelt him with stones. This was before my day, but the story of the pastor's courage on that occasion has frequently put new life into the local church. The second occasion was when I myself was present. It was in 1927 when there was a great deal of anti-foreign feeling. Many soldiers and rough-necks had come down to Diongloh from Foochow to attack the church. At Christmas on Sunday we all expected a

scene. A great crowd gathered in the kindergarten grounds in front of the Church during the service. We expected the mob to break in and stop the service any moment. Pastor Ding went into the pulpit as calmly as if nothing were out of the ordinary, and gave us all an example of a quality of life that constantly trusts in the guidance of God. In looking forward to the quality of life needed in the future pastorate in China, I look at Pastor Ding Cung-sieng with the feeling that we need men like him, a pastor, a teacher, an organizer. Pastor Ding was warned by his friends to take the sign: "American Board Pastor" off his gate, because the word "American" might cause an attack upon his house. As a matter of fact the term "American" should have been dropped long before, since the Pastor was not an "American Board" pastor, our organization having for some time been called the "Chinese Congregational Church." However the pastor thought it looked like showing the "white feather" if he should remove the term "American" at such a crisis. It would not be the sporting thing to do. He waited until all the trouble blew over and then changed the name on his gate to that of the proper organization: "The Chinese Congregational Church."

Fukien Flashes

Roderick Scott

"By your words you shall be approved."

BEARING in mind that while words do "half-conceal the thought within" they also half-reveal it, and that the religious enterprise, in Dr. Fosdick's words, deals with the qualitative life of man, I propose to exhibit the quality of personality in this one Chinese Christian college (Fukien Christian University) by giving some quotations from the speech and correspondence of the students and Chinese teachers. Needless to say nothing here set down was written or uttered for publication nor has the collecting been in any way systematic. But these words will I am sure carry with them approval.

Thus there was the sophomore (a non-Christian) who when asked if Christians might not fight in a good cause, for example, to relieve an oppressed minority, as in the American civil war (a very popular illustration) replied, "A Christian war? Impossible. Christians cannot fight. They have no enemies."

A junior: "I prefer Christianity because it emphasizes wholes not parts. It fulfils

what other religious systems can never reach. It is universal." Another, taking the same course, two years later: "Christianity is not part of life, but an ideal that embraces the whole."

An alumnus: "I pledge my loyalty to my country but not my highest loyalty, for the aims of my country are not the highest aims." Another: "I love my country, indeed, but I love humanity more. Love is a long chain which unites all individuals together."

A freshman with a social conscience, "What runs a ricksha? The blood of men is used for oil. This ought not to be."

The President: "If we say that our objective is to develop youth in the spirit of love, service and sacrifice, it is not necessary to say we are Christians, for these three ideals can not be mistaken for any other teachings than those of Jesus Christ."

Another alumnus, principal of a high school, "Man is religious and minds think. But not all men are religious and some minds do not think properly. It is our Christian duty

to sow the dynamic use of ideals and ideas into every man's life."

A girl student, graduating: "Many people ask me what I have got from Fukien in my four years. A simple answer is that I have been stimulated to grow and to think. My three ideals are: Music, — the art of living; Philosophy—the principles of living; Religion, — life itself."

The alumnus, Rufus Chang, arrested in 1934 on a false treason charge, when offered his liberty in return for his joining the secret "Blue Shirt:" "I'm no joiner of organizations. I'll have no master but Christ."

A student pessimist (later changed): "We cannot find the purpose of man's life in his birth, his existence, or his death. Why do we live? I do not know. Who can tell me?"

A sophomore (girl student): "Since I have grown up, I have become more and more desirous of finding a religion for my belief and guidance. I used to think that morality was enough for a person's guidance, but now I am doubtful. Morality cannot give us vitality,

comfort, or happiness. But with my tough-minded habits I can hardly believe in religion. Some of my friends have told me to believe simply by believing but I don't like this. So I am still in a state of doubt-believe-doubt. How would you help me to believe in Christianity or any other good religion? For a religion I must have."

A professor, leading chapel: "I recommend to you four great souls as patterns for your lives — Jesus, St. Francis, Tolstoy, Moti (Chinese altruist)."

A teacher: "The Christian institution is the one place in China where you can be successful without being corrupt. The charge, 'It can not be done,' is here refuted."

A freshman: "Christianity does not cover up the national spirit, but sublimates it."

A junior: "We are conscious of being souls when we discover a new value." Again: "To love is to give. It is unconditional."

Finally, the President again: "We who teach for character in China hold the key to China's future."

A Typical Week End

Arthur O. Rinden

OF course there is no typical week-end for a village missionary. They are all different. This particular week-end promised to be really different because of a ride on the new bus over the recently built auto road.

Laura Ward and I planned to visit both Ging Hung and Muoi Hua on the same week-end. The bright new bus schedule told us that the bus started at 2:15 and would arrive at Ging Hung at 3:05. There had been a shower the previous night, but surely there had been time for it to become dissipated. We arrived at the bright blue bus terminal at the appointed time, but were a bit nonplussed to learn that, due to the "unusual" condition of the new road, the bus would go only to Baek Sang, a mile and a half distant, while Muoi Hua was twelve miles away. But we still were not stumped, for altho Diong Loh had never had any kind of a wheeled vehicle previous to this year, there are now forty rikshas in addition to the new buses. We readily engaged two rikshas to pull us for the nine miles to the end of the auto road, in

two hours, "or slightly longer." Our men started out over the new town pavement at a brisk pace, but when we came to the edge of the town the speed appreciably slackened. It became apparent that the new road which had appeared so admirably straight and smooth, also possessed remarkable absorbative qualities. The riksha wheels oozed down through the nice soft yellow mud to a distressing depth. Although our consciences did not trouble us at having a man pull us in a riksha, as when we first arrived in China, now once again this sensitiveness seemed to return. It was terribly hard work to pull that loaded riksha through that trackless, yielding yellow clay. We would have gladly gotten out and walked on the old stone path, but that avenue of escape was cut off by a sea of mud and water — ankle deep. When we came to hillocks where the mud was shallower we did walk. As we neared Ging Hung we heard the roar of the engine of one of the new busses; as we drew nearer we saw it, wheel deep in the new road, and remarkably stationary. As we were then

not far from a stone road, we left our rikshas and walked on a slippery narrow dyke between two paddy fields over to it, and then into Ging Hung. Oh yes, and by that time it was six o'clock and the rain was coming down pretty generously. But we had only three more miles to go. We started out on the "auto road" but found that the bridges were not yet completed and that we must take to the rice field dykes and the narrow paths. We were advised to keep to the foot hill paths, but we were not familiar with them, and darkness was fast gathering. My feet and legs were soaked — Laura slipped into an irrigation ditch — but we kept on. Finally it became so dark that we could not see to jump the ditches, and we had a strong suspicion that we were lost. When we came to a farmer's house we shouted, "Friendly Elder Brother! Friendly Elder Brother!" and presently a score of wondering faces peered into the dripping darkness from a half dozen doors and windows. We inquired, "Is this the road to Muoi Hua?" They replied, "It is raining. It is dark. Where are you from? Where are you going? Why are you going there? It is too late to go anywhere now. Goodness gra-

cious!" After an appropriate amount of negotiating we engaged a youth and his paper lantern to guide us the remaining mile to Muoi Hua. When we arrived at eight-thirty the church was dark, and all were in bed. A knock at the door soon brought forth a very cordial welcome. A fire was kindled, and by the time we had hung our mosquito nets and taken our beds from their tin boxes (which had previously arrived,) a hot foot bath was ready. We had brought only one suit of white clothes, which must be used at church service on the morrow. But we had to change to dry clothes to avoid colds. Slender Laura donned the dry, but somewhat picturesque attire of the relatively corpulent local Bible woman. I wore my pajamas and a red blanket — as Red Feather used to do. At the all too fashionable hour of nine-thirty we sat down to eat a steaming well filled (more above the bowl than in it) bowl of vermicelli. The flavoring material was on top of the vermicelli — scallops - in - the - shell, strips of pork, clams, a poached duck egg, garlic, and other articles too numerous to mention. We enjoyed it, as well as the sleep which followed immediately afterwards.

Sunday morning the church was crowded with boys and girls, men and women. Being a visitor, I was asked to preach the sermon. Then three new members were baptized into church membership, and all shared in the Lord's Supper.

Out-of doors the big rain drops went pitter patter. Already it was twelve-thirty, and three miles to go to Ging Hung for lunch, and an afternoon service. We started off with our clothes well above the "splash line" for we would have to ford a number of streams—in America we might have been regarded as picturesque.

After the service we again started off in the rain on the old foot path between the paddy fields and over the mountains. Once I slipped off the dyke into an irrigation ditch, but the water was only a little over my knees. Twice I gained the im-

pression as Laura sat down in the submerged road that she had not duly considered the matter.

When we arrived at home, I found that I had lost both my heels, one half sole, and what little remained of the feet of my socks. The hot bath, dry clothes, and warm supper soon made us forget our aches, and blisters. We had accomplished what we started out to do, we had met our appointments, and we were glad that we had not waited for fairer weather.

Typical? No, not entirely, for next week we will travel on the river on a sail boat, but still there is a good deal of similarity. The life of a country missionary in China has always been a varied one, and in the future will probably continue to be—in spite of the new auto roads!

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REV. F. P. BEACH'S home on Kuliang was a happy center for young people this summer. His daughter, Frances Beach Bingham, and her husband were welcomed by their many friends. The Bingham's are now studying in the Peiping language school and we are anticipating next March when they will join our Mission group in Foochow.

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OTHERS who spent their summer vacation on Kuliang were Dr. and Mrs. Hinman, Miss Josephine Walker, Miss Wiley, the Toppings, the Rindens, the Scotts, the McClures, Dr. Dyer, Miss Atwood, Miss Allen, Miss Ward, and Miss Armstrong.

The Student to His Teacher.

S. C. CHEN, Fukien, ex-'38, on the occasion of his leaving for study in America, composed and wrote out, being a master of poetry as well as calligraphy, a scroll in the fashion of the old-style student when bidding farewell to his teacher and presented it to Mr. Scott. The two of them collaborated on a translation, parts of which are given below.

The Student Speaks About Himself.

When I was a child in primary school
I was always jumping and running and climbing like a young monkey.
I was still as mischievous in the high school,
But gradually I came to realize that I should not be just a wild pig.
To-day I have the chance to enter the university.
A philosopher, Chuantze says, will often spend his days and his nights dreaming.
Concentrating all his attention on a fish or an insect,
But I will try to search for the truths of the universe.

The Student Speaks about His Teacher.

But searching (for these truths) all alone, I was soon confused and troubled.
I had lost my way, I did not know what to do.
But my teacher,—and, in his kindness, he dealt with me all by myself,—
Awoke within me the consciousness of my Selfhood;
He measured my qualifications and organized my knowledge.
He made straight my soul.
While often praising my cleverness,
He convicted me more than once of mere pretense.
Like the dragon, the good teacher both shoots forth (criticism) and swallows (his student's endeavors).

The Student's Reaction to His Teacher.

From the first day to the last that I entered your door
It was like dwelling in the Garden of Eden.
I recalled very vividly that your words were always full of truth.
You called out my best.
It was as though Heaven had given me a new soul, new abilities.
You should be forever happy in giving such gifts.
I thank you for so clearly pointing out to me the way of life.
Through the personality of my teacher I see afar the Spirit of God.

Mission News

IN September Miss Hartwell welcomed Miss Richardson, a friend from Hawaii, who has come to be with her for a time.

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IT is good to have the Newells, Dr. Gillette, and Lucy Lanktree back with us after their furloughs.

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MR. ALBERT FAUROT arrived with the Newells as a term teacher for Foochow College. Mr. Faurot has already made a large place for himself in the community with his musical ability at the piano and as a choir leader.

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IN October Miss Jacobs represented Foochow at the National Nurses' Association meeting in Nanking.

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DURING October Dr. and Mrs. Hinman made a trip to North China in the interests of Foochow College. Dr. and Mrs. Hinman's influence has meant much to the financial side of Foochow College as well as to the inspirational side.

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THIS fall Rena and Lois Topping are the only children left in the city American Board compound. At Union High School are Mark and Robert Thelin. On Southside, Jane, Anne and Carolyn Campbell, while Paul, Margaret and Edith Anna Rinden of Dionghloh complete the roll of Mission children on the field. Joan McClure joined her sister Agnes at the Shanghai American School in September. George McClure went home in the summer and has entered the Junior College at Pasadena, California, where his brother John is a Sophomore. Cuthbert and Muriel Topping are attending school in Kobe, Japan.



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